PICK ME UP—FOR A *POWER* PICK-ME-UP!

A POWER COMIC

SMASH!

No. 95
25th NOV, 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

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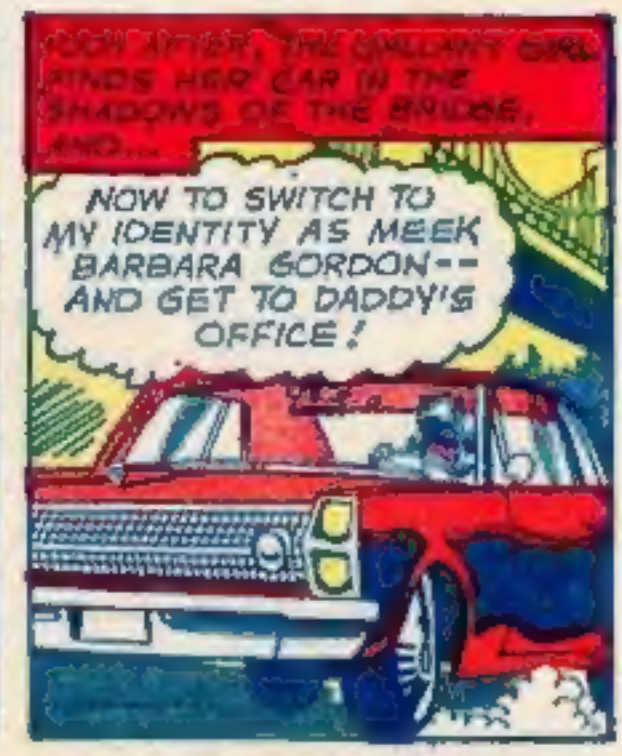

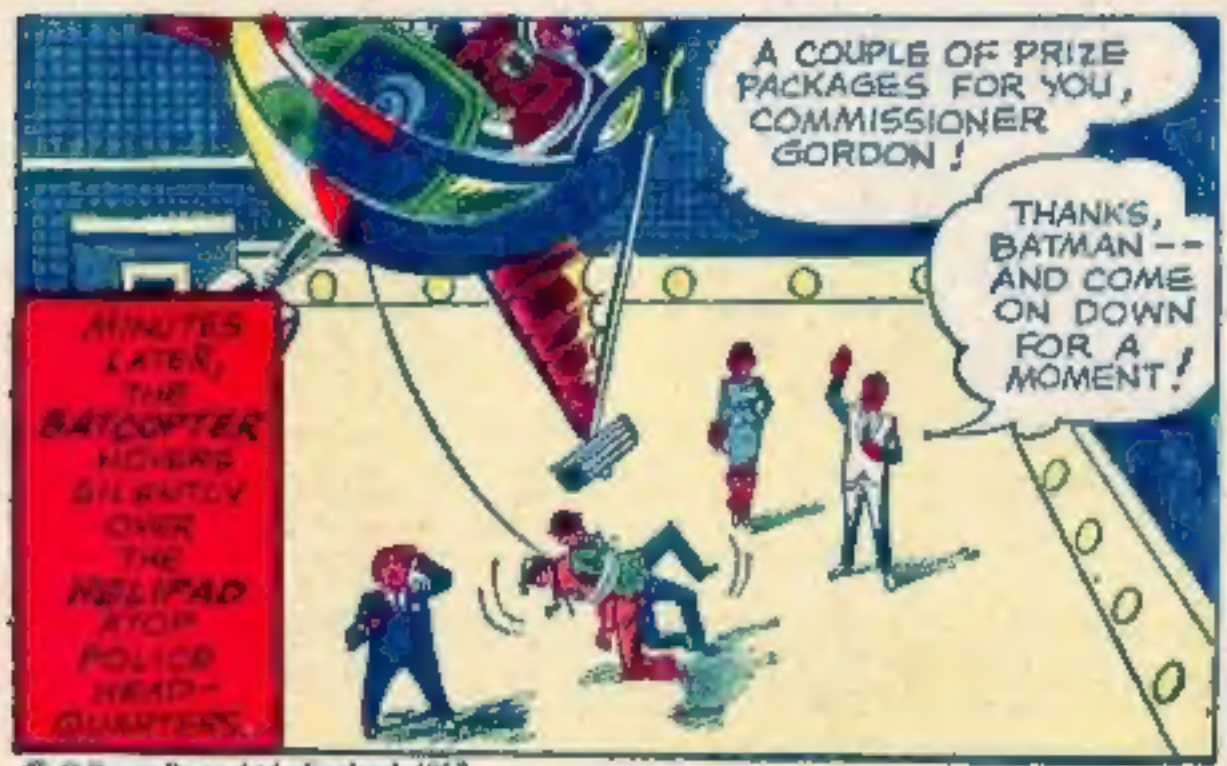

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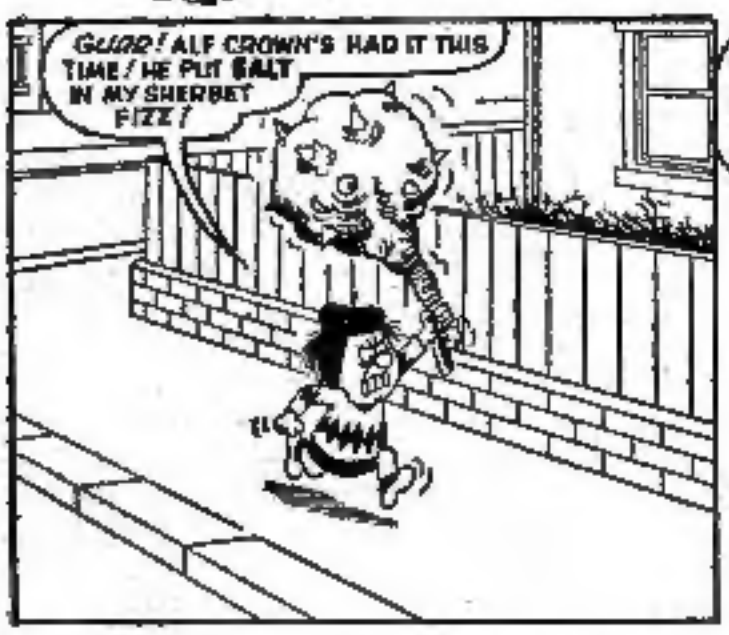
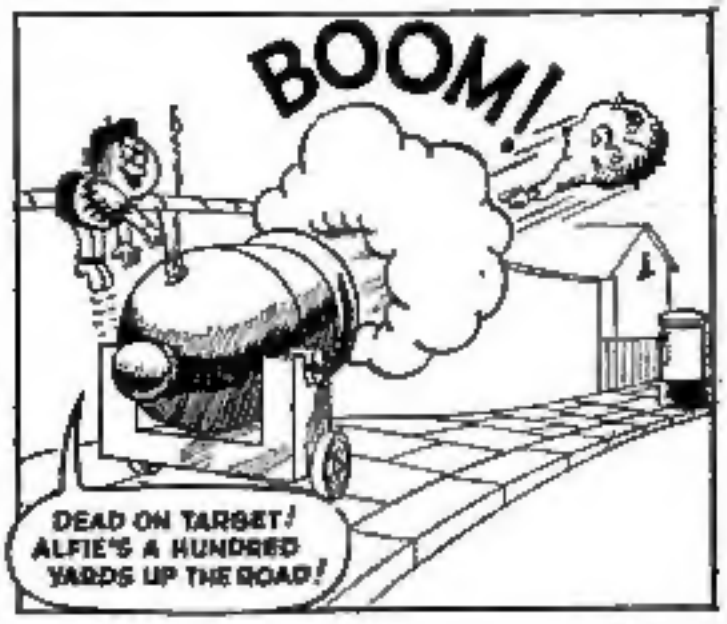
Percy's Pets

BOO! HOO! WAAA-AAH! HOWL!
COO! WHAT'S UP WITH PORKY?
IT'S THIS CURLY, CORKSCREW TAIL— I HATE IT! SOB! EVERY TIME I SIT DOWN...
...THIS HAPPENS!
COO! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN— JUST LIKE A SPRING!
NEVER MIND, PORKY! THIS STUFF TAKES THE CURL OUT OF MUM'S HAIR—MAYBE IT'LL TAKE THE CURL OUT OF YOUR TAIL!
I HOPE SO! SNIFF!
AND I'LL TAKE SOMETHING OUT OF YOUR HIDE— HAND OVER THAT SHAMPOO, YOU LITTLE MONSTER!
OH, NO! IT'S MUM!
AAGH! I'M TOO LATE— HE'S USED IT ALL!
G-GULP! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
THAT MOMENT...
I GOT THE FRESH EGGS, MUM—TWO DOZEN OF THEM!
OH, NO! HOW DID DAD GET THERE?
AIEE!
G-GULP! NOW WE'VE GOT TWO TO CONTEND WITH!
YOU AND YOUR BLINKING SHAMPOO!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU—BUT I'M HIDING IN HERE!
?
OH, NO! DAD'S HIT THE STARTER BUTTON WITH ONE OF HIS EGGS!
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
AAGH! HELP! I DON'T WANT TO BE A CRAZY, MIXED-UP PIG!
AND THIS IS FOR THE EGGS!
THIS IS FOR THE SHAMPOO!
TWO AGAINST ONE—THIS ISN'T FAIR!
GRR! THAT'S NOTHING TO WHAT I'LL GIVE HIM! I ONLY STARTED OUT WITH A CORKSCREW TAIL—
—NOW I'M CORKSCREW ALL OVER! WAA-AAH! I'LL PULVERISE HIM!
G-GULP! LOOKS LIKE I'VE HAD MY BACON IF HE CATCHES ME!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967





HEH! HEH! IT'S LIKE A BUNCH OF FLOWERS NOW!
GLUE

I'VE SEEN THE ERROR OF MY WAYS! I'M GOING TO MAKE IT UP WITH ALFIE — I'VE BOUGHT HIM SOME FLOWERS!
?

I D-DON'T BELIEVE IT!

EEK! HELP!
?

SILLY BOY! PENNY ONLY WANTS TO GIVE HIM SOME FLOWERS!

ONE MOMENT — IF YOU PLEASE!
ERK!

JUST AS I THOUGHT — A CLUB!
COO! HOW DID THAT GET THERE?

ZOOM!
WAAH! MY BEST, FAVOURITE CLUB!
YOU WON'T USE THIS AGAIN! THE DUSTMEN WILL SOON BE HERE TO EMPTY THAT BIN!

AAGH!

NO! NO! IT'S ALFIE! HE WAS HIDING IN THE BIN!!

GRRR!
THANKS, OFFICER! I COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF!

news from the floor of 64!

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

NOW, NORMALLY we don't use this editorial section for printing readers' letters, right? But here's a screed, posted to FANTASTIC, which we think every Powerhouser should read (as well as those misguided ones who are not yet Power readers). It's from Miss H. L. Parry, of Cardiff, S. Wales . . . and we quote: Dear Alf and Bart,—Although I can no longer call myself a kid, I find I am taking up comics again—namely FANTASTIC, TERRIFIC, etc.—for the first time since I left school, a few years ago. I am truly sincere when I say that after reading the depressing sensationalism of our daily newspapers, I find that I can turn to such comics as yours for reassurance that GOOD can still overcome EVIL. Perhaps if everyone was made to read FANTASTIC the world might learn the error of its ways and crime and wars might decrease as each person came to learn the virtue of being "a good guy . . ."

We could write a few words of our own to wind up Reader Parry's letter, but it wouldn't really add anything to what she has said. So we'll just shout from the rooftops . . . WE THINK SO, TOO! Nuff said!!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Graham Harris, Edgware, Middlesex; Andrew Hayman, Leicester; Philip Harris, Montgomeryshire, Wales; Andrew McGill, Ayrshire, Scotland; Simon Middleton, Hampstead, London, N.W.3; John Lee, Thornton, Lancashire; Philip Crabtree, Bradford, Yorkshire; F. Lyons, Dover, Kent; Betty Ann Ellis, Wickford, Essex; Hal Crompton, Bury, Lancashire; Jim Quigley, Glasgow, Scotland; Renee Folkard, Palmers Green, London, N.13; Steven Line, Kingsley, Northamptonshire; Yvonne Biller, Ilford, Essex; Susan Drake, Bath, Somerset; Julie Snelling, Manchester; Howard Robinson, Wealdmore Hill, London, N.21; Lois Carpenter, Cockfosters, Herts.; Ricky Stroud, Waltham Cross, Herts.; Simon Jones, Godalming, Surrey.

OUTSIDE of Royalty and art genius Jolly Jack Kirby there are few people who can legitimately call themselves KING! But now BIG BOLD BART can (and we have the notion he isn't going to let us forget it, either). The full title recently bestowed upon His Garret Majesty is KING ONEHOLER! S'fact! What does it mean? Well, it's all to do with some past-time called GOLF! And if any golfer manages to hole-in-one more than once . . . he is then entitled to be called as we have said, KING ONEHOLER! Well, determined not to be outdone, some members of the gang slunk on to a nearby golf course one midnight and had a go themselves! Their report? THERE MUST BE EASIER WAYS TO GET A CROWN!

PUZZLE! How can IRON MAN fight HIMSELF? No it's not just a question of tussling with his conscience or anything DEEP like that! It's a straight, genuine, clobbering fact! THE ANSWER? It's right there, in a saga called "When Titans Clash," in FANTASTIC, this week!! What'll they think of next?!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

NOT JUST A SKATE...

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DAVIES

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HERE COMES... DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

ON HYDRAULIC LEGS OF STEEL, STILT-MAN STALKS THE CITY— AND ONLY DAREDEVIL STANDS IN HIS WAY!

BUT AS THE BLIND SWASHBUCKLER ATTEMPTS TO CLIMB ONE TOWERING LEG...

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

HE'S MOVING CLOSER! ORDINARY WALLS ARE NO OBSTACLE AT ALL TO MY HYPER-ACUTE EXTRA-SENSORY "RADAR"!

I'D BETTER LEARN WHO IT IS, ALTHOUGH I'VE GOT A GOOD HUNCH!...!

SORRY, MR. DAY! I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING!

IN FACT, PERHAPS I'D BETTER SEE IF ANYONE'S AT THE DOOR!

COME IN, MR. KAXTON! YOU CAN HEAR BETTER FROM INSIDE!

HOW DID YOU KNOW WHO I WAS?

UH-OH! I ALMOST GAVE MYSELF AWAY THAT TIME!

MY SECRETARY SAW YOU OUT THERE AND BUZZED ME!

KAXTON! YOU DARED COME HERE?!

YOU BET I DARED COME HERE! YOU AND THAT SHYSTER LAWYER OF YOURS AREN'T GOING TO BLACKMAIL ME OUT OF A RED CENT, YOU LITTLE CROOK!

CALM DOWN, MR. KAXTON! THIS IS MY OFFICE, AND MR. DAY IS MY CLIENT!

KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME!

YOU SPINELESS MILKSOP! YOU DIDN'T INVENT THOSE HYDRAULIC DEVICES... I DID! YOU WERE NO MORE THAN A SECOND-RATE STOOGE!

MR. MURDOCK, YOU'RE MY LAWYER! DON'T LET HIM SAY THAT!

LET'S TRY TO DISCUSS THIS LIKE GENTLEMEN!

IF THEY TALK LONG ENOUGH, I'LL USE THEIR PULSE RATES LIKE A LIE DETECTOR!

I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE RICH!

YOU'RE NOT, EH?

YOU LITTLE CROOK! DO YOU THINK I'LL STAND BY AND LET YOU ROB ME!

YOU'RE TRYING TO ROB ME!

BOTH OF THEIR PULSES HAVE SPEEDED UP!

IT'S NO USE! THEY'RE TOO CLOSE TOGETHER! I CAN'T SEPARATE THEIR PULSE BEATS!

IF YOU TRY TO SUE ME, I'LL SEE THAT YOU NEVER GET ANOTHER JOB IN ANY LAB!

NO! YOU CAN'T!

I DIDN'T GET WHERE I AM BY BEING SOFT! TANGLE WITH ME, DAY, AND I'LL BREAK YOU! AND THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, MURDOCK!

DAY'S HYDRAULIC INVENTION... I WONDER... COULD IT BE USED FOR SOMETHING LIKE A GIANT PAIR OF STILTS?

HE MEANS IT, MR. MURDOCK! WHAT WILL WE DO?

YOU WAIT HERE, MR. DAY! I HAVE A PLAN! I HAVE TO LEAVE FOR A MOMENT, AND... EH... ENLIST THE AID OF A FRIEND!

ALL RIGHT, MR MURDOCK, BUT BE CAREFUL! CARL KAXTON CAN BE A VERY DANGEROUS MAN!

MAY I HELP YOU TO THE DOOR?

NO, THANKS! I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE IT ALL RIGHT!

SCANT SECONDS LATER, THE SAME MAN WHO HAD BEEN OFFERED HELP TO REACH A NEARBY DOOR PERCHES PERILOUSLY AT A HIGH WINDOW LEDGE...

I HEAR A CAR JUST BEGINNING TO PULL AWAY FROM THE CURB BELOW!

IN MY LINE OF WORK, A BUILDING WITHOUT A FLAG-POLE WOULD BE SUICIDE!

AND THE FLAG-POLE IS BUT A 'STEPPING-STONE' ON TO THE BACK OF KAXTON'S CAR!

BUT, A BUILT-IN ALARM ON THE DASHBOARD ALERTS THE GRIM-FACED INVENTOR!

BAP! BAP! BAP BAP!

SOMEONE IS TAILING ME!

AND, CARL KAXTON IS NOT TO BE FOLLOWED LIKE ANY ORDINARY, UNPROTECTED FOOL...

NOT WHILE I CAN DO THIS...!

KLIK!

THEN, ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE SPECIALLY-WIRED CAR, A SUDDEN, UNEXPECTED ELECTRIC SHOCK HURLS THE SIGHTLESS SWASHBUCKLER OFF THE VEHICLE WITH THE SPEED OF SUMMER LIGHTNING...

ZZZAP!

BUT DAREDEVIL HAD ALREADY SENSED AN OPEN MANHOLE SCANT INCHES TO THE RIGHT, AND SO, EVERY MUSCLE STRAINING, HE TWISTS HIS SUPPLE BODY AS HE FALLS...

...LANDING HARMLESSLY IN THE EXACT CENTRE OF THE OPENING, WHILE HIS ARM SNAKES OUT, GRASPING FOR THE STEEL RUNGS HE KNOWS MUST BE THERE!

I WAS LUCKY THIS TIME! IT'S A LOT BETTER THAN LANDING ON THE HARD CONCRETE!

I'VE LOST KAXTON FOR NOW, AND I'VE NO WAY OF KNOWING WHETHER... WAIT! I'M PICKING UP AN EMERGENCY POLICE CALL ON MY BUILT-IN HEADPIECE ANTENNAE!

IT'S AN ALL-POINTS ALERT! STILTMAN HAS APPEARED IN THE CITY AGAIN!

IF ONLY I HAD BEEN ABLE TO KEEP TRACK OF KAXTON!

BUT, GUIDED BY THE RADIO SIGNALS I'M RECEIVING, I'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT I HAVE TO KNOW!

SWINGING, CLIMBING, RACING THROUGH THE CITY FASTER THAN ANY SIGHTED HUMAN COULD EVER HOPE TO MOVE, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR REACHES HIS DESTINATION IN MINUTES, TO FIND...

OUR BULLETS HAVE NO EFFECT ON HIM! HE'S WEARING SOME SORT OF FINELY-TEMPERED FLEXIBLE ARMOUR!

I'VE FOUND HIM! THIS TIME HE WON'T ESCAPE ME AGAIN!!

THIKK THIKKK!

PUKKA-PUKKA-PUKKA!

BUT, BEFORE DAREDEVIL CAN REACH STILTMAN, HE HEARS A SQUAD CAR RACING TOWARDS ONE OF THE INCREDIBLE, TOWERING LEG-SUPPORTS...!

FASTER, SAM! IF WE CAN RAM INTO THAT NUTTY METAL STILT, IT'LL BRING HIM CRASHING DOWN TO EARTH WHERE WE CAN NAB HIM!

SAM! WHAT HAPPENED??

EACH "LEG" MUST WORK BY HYDRAULIC PRESSURE! HE RAISED IT JUST IN TIME!

SO THAT'S IT! THAT MUST BE HOW HE VANISHED LAST TIME I WAS NEAR HIM!

HE MUST HAVE TELESCOPED HIS LEGS DOWN, BECOME NORMAL-SIZED, DISCARDED HIS DISGUISE, AND WALKED AWAY UNNOTICED!

WHATEVER ELSE HE MAY BE, STILTMAN IS NO FOOL!

I'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE AT HIM UP HERE! HE'S COMING IN THIS DIRECTION! IF HE'LL JUST GET A LITTLE CLOSER...

CLOSER...!

TZING!

ZOW

RAT TAT TAT!

NOW!!

DARE-DEVIL!

FAST AS YOU ARE, I CAN RETRACT MY HYDRAULIC LEGS STILL FASTER!

AND IN THIS LEAGUE, THERE'S NO SECOND CHANCE AT BAT!

FAREWELL, DAREDEVIL! EVEN YOU WERE NO MATCH FOR STILTMAN!

IT CAN'T END LIKE THIS! IT JUST CAN'T!!

WHAT CAN SAVE DAREDEVIL NOW? THE ANSWER IS ANOTHER GOOD REASON TO BUY SMASH NEXT WEEK!

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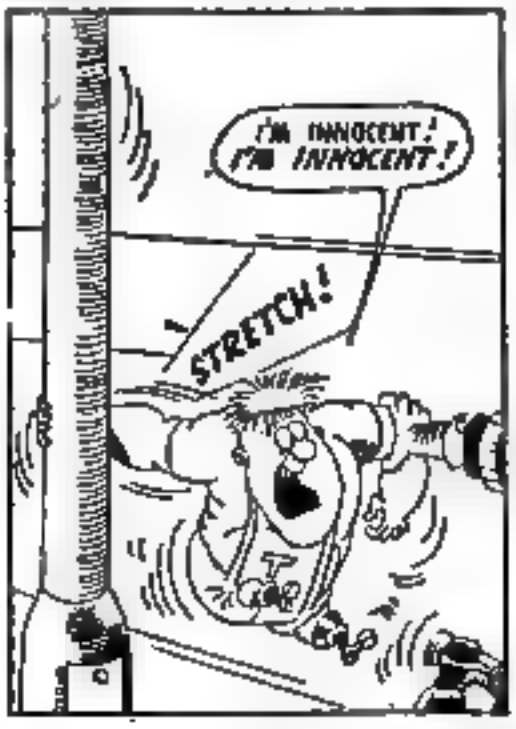
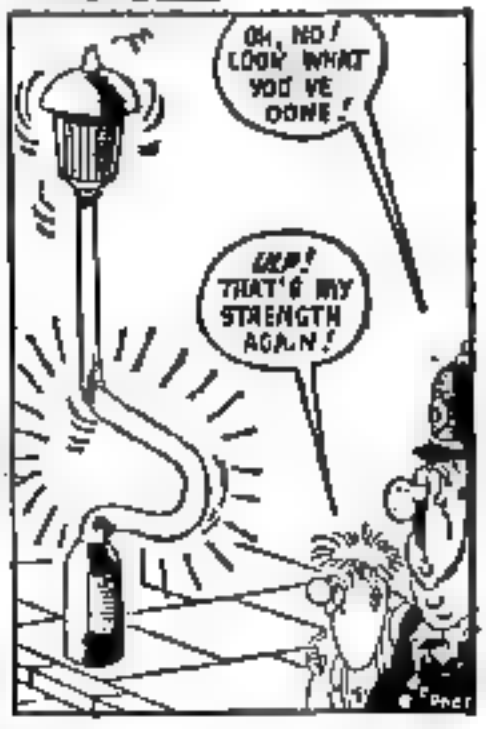
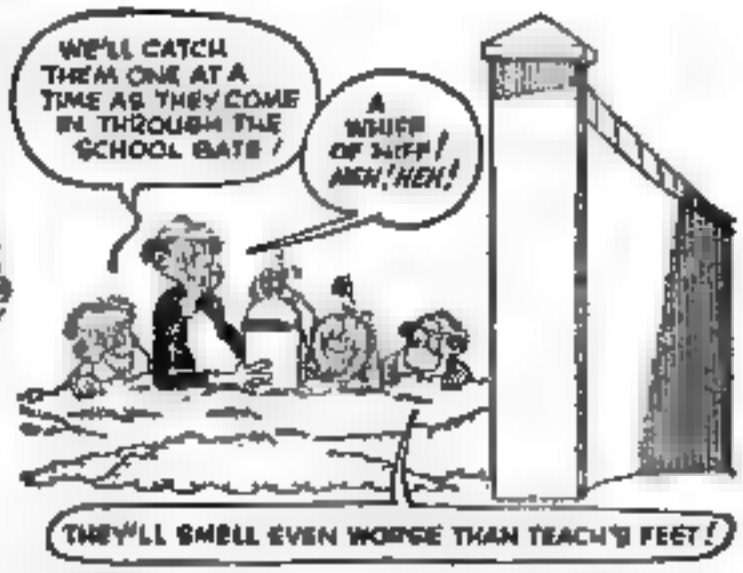
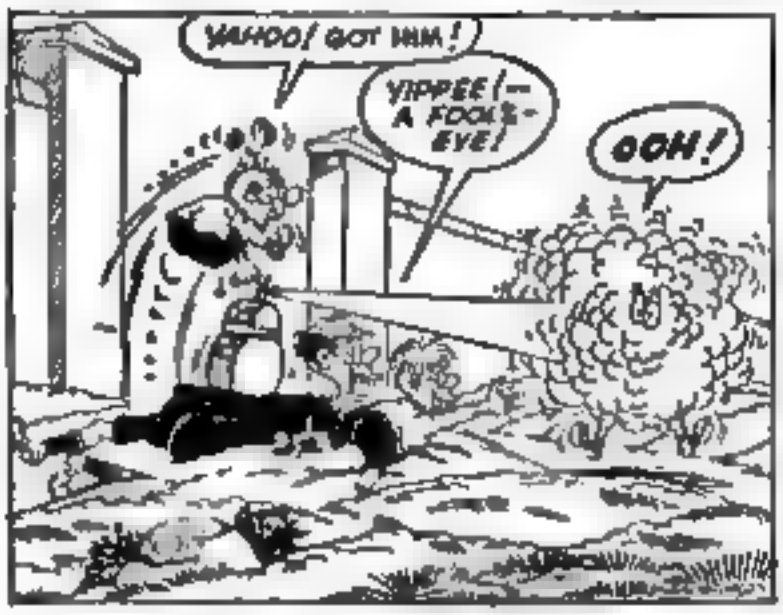
TUFFY McGREW

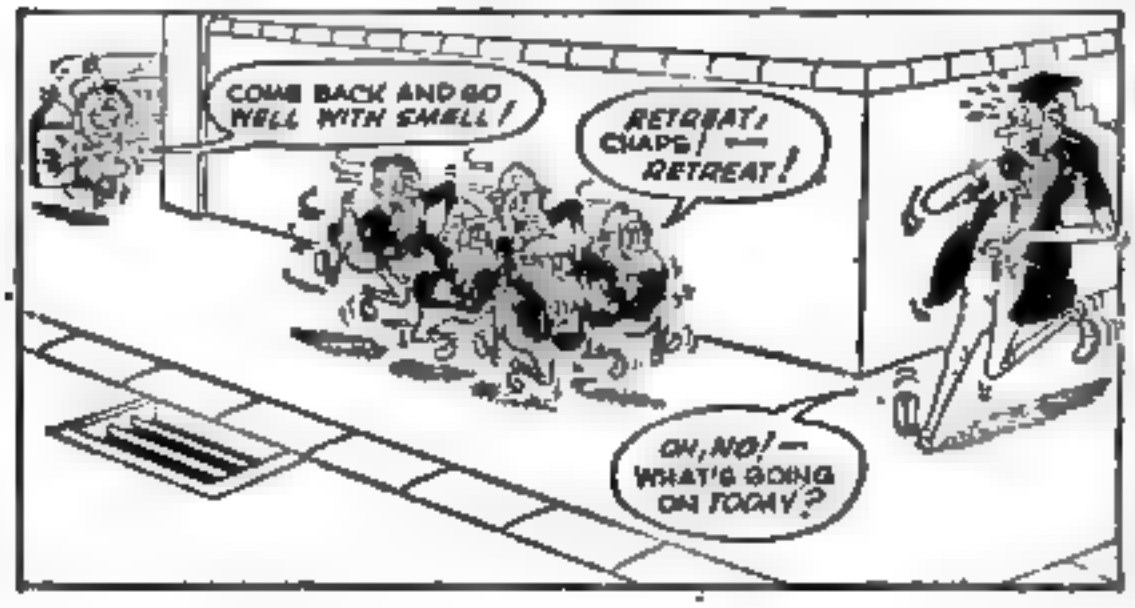


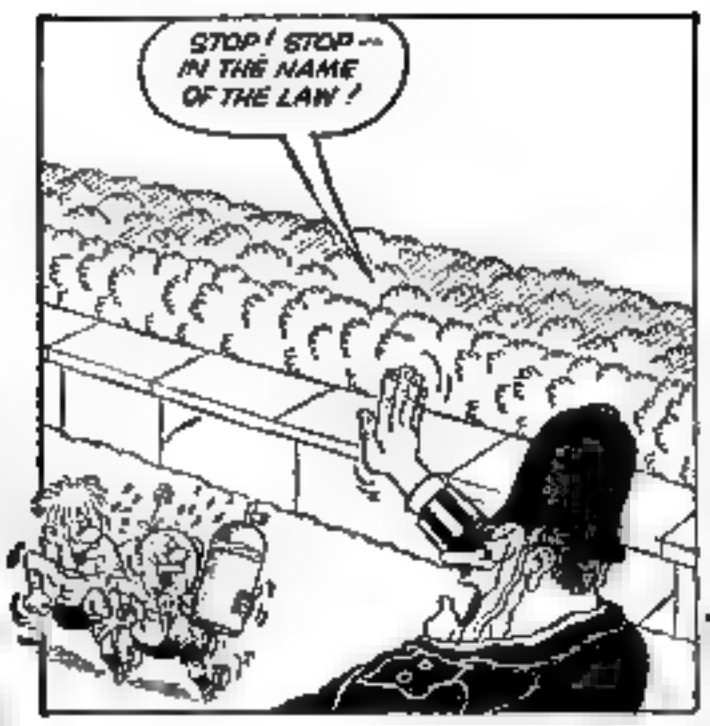


The SWOTS and the BLOTS

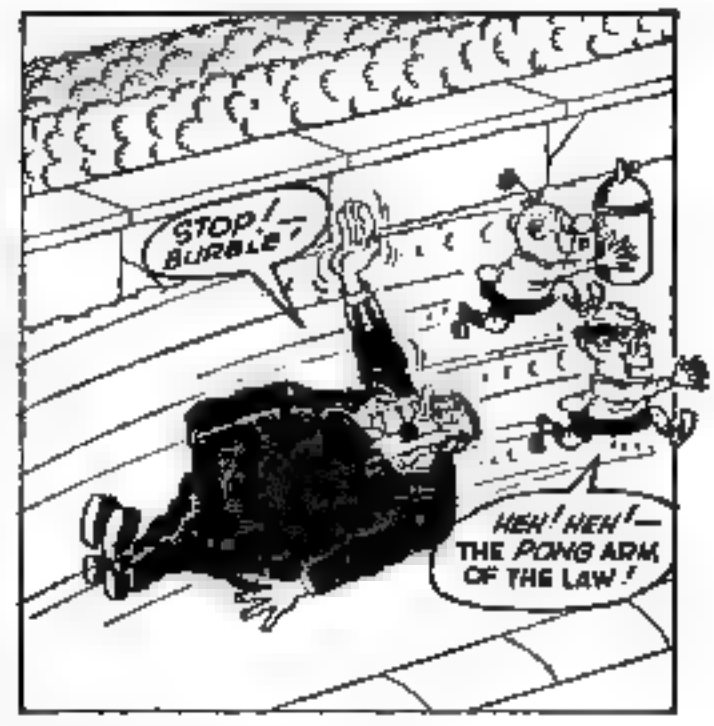


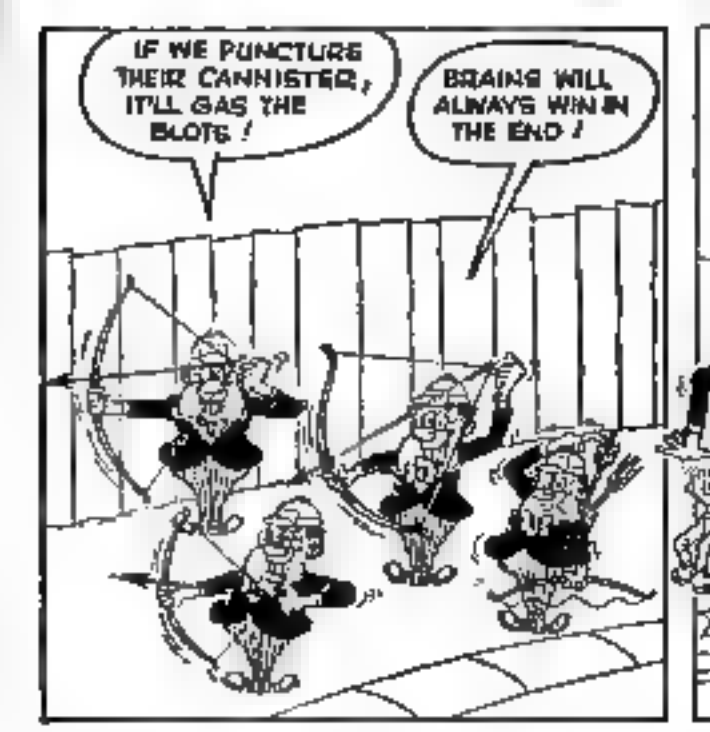


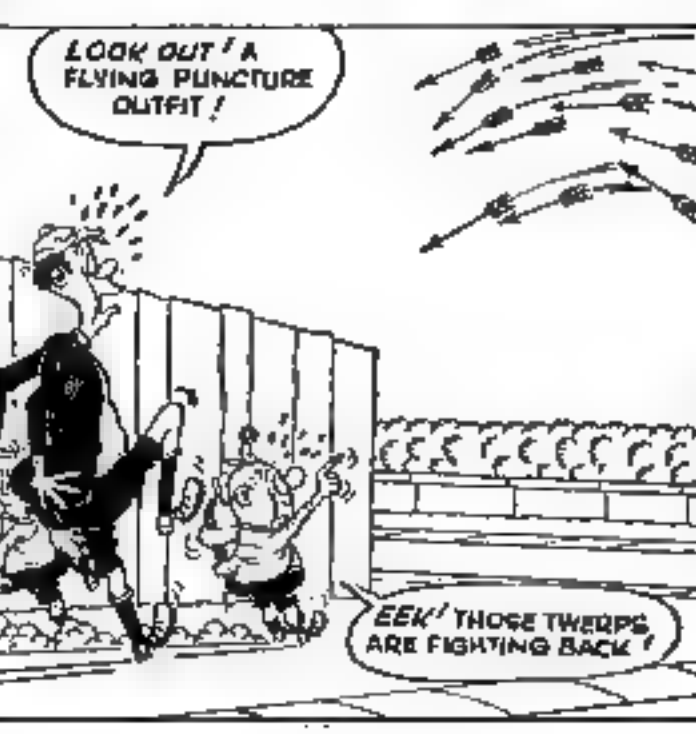



STOP! STOP — IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

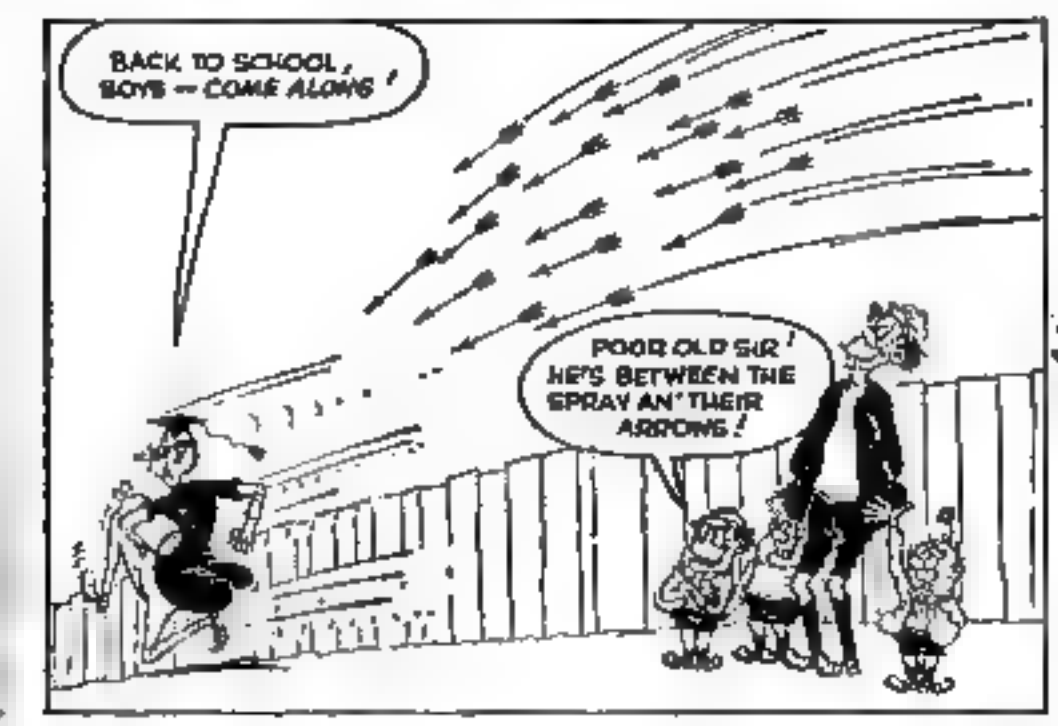
OOPS! ME TRIGGER-FINGER SLIPPED!
OO OH!
OH, NO! — THEY'VE NIFFED THE COP!
SQUIRT!


STOP! — BURBLE!
HEH! HEH! — THE PONG ARM OF THE LAW!


IF WE PUNCTURE THEIR CANNISTER, IT'LL GAS THE BLOTS!
BRAINS WILL ALWAYS WIN IN THE END!


LOOK OUT! A FLYING PUNCTURE OUTFIT!
EEK! THOSE TWERPS ARE FIGHTING BACK!

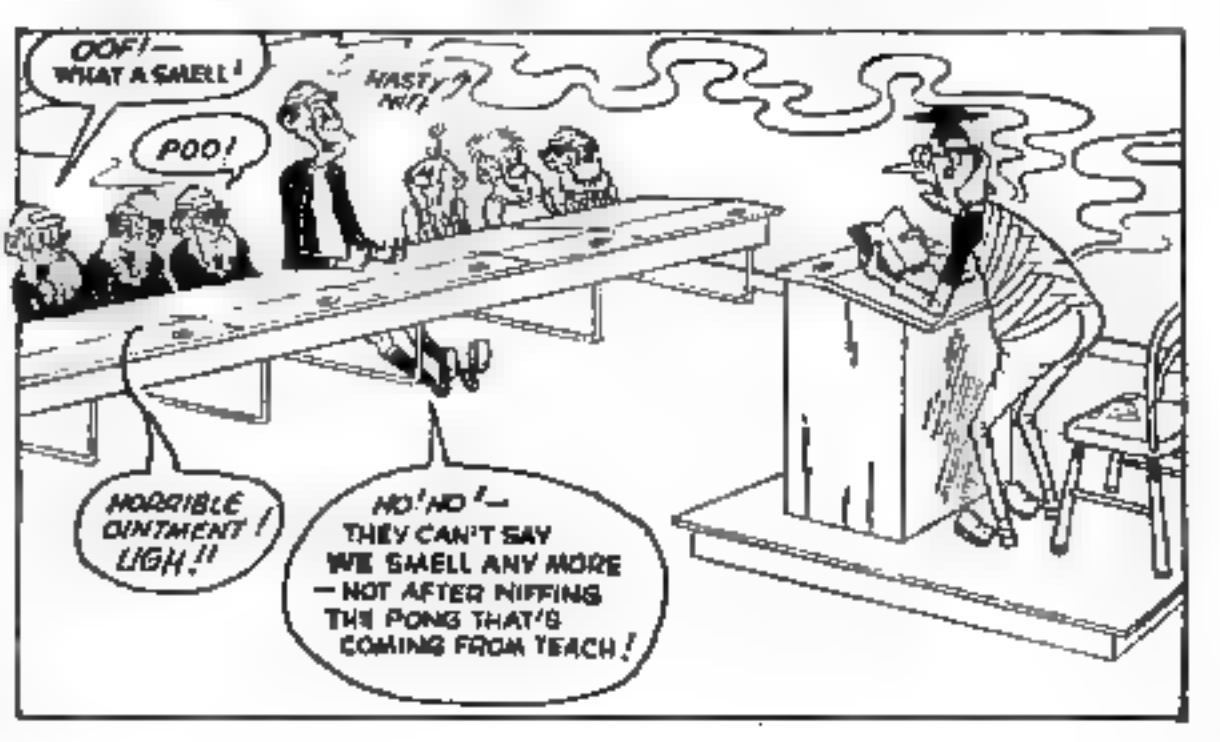
RIGHT, LADS — THE FUN'S OVER! I'LL HAVE THIS!
T-TEACH! WH-WH-WHERE DID HE COME FROM?


BACK TO SCHOOL, BOYS — COME ALONG!
POOR OLD SIR! HE'S BETWEEN THE SPRAY AN' THEIR ARROWS!

AIEE!

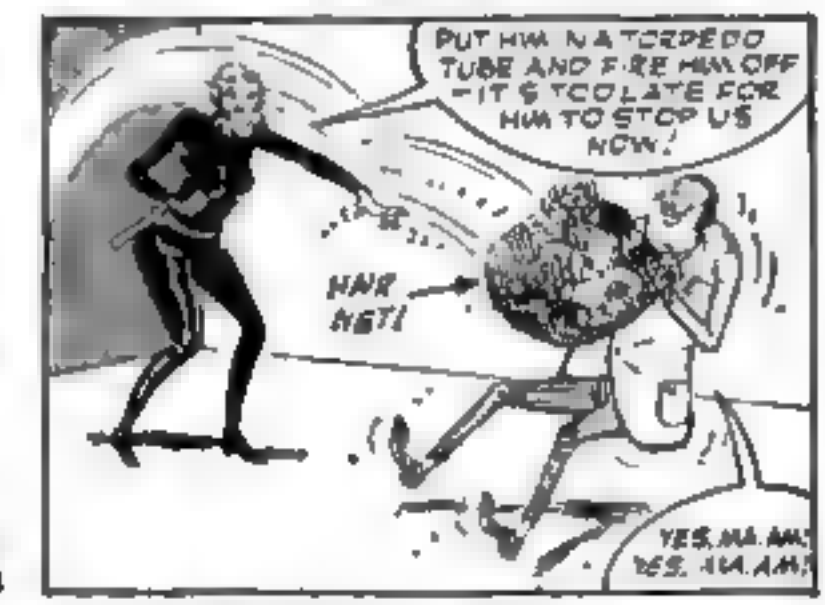
HELP! SEND FOR THE DOC! I'VE GOT MORE HOLES IN ME THAN A FISHING NET!

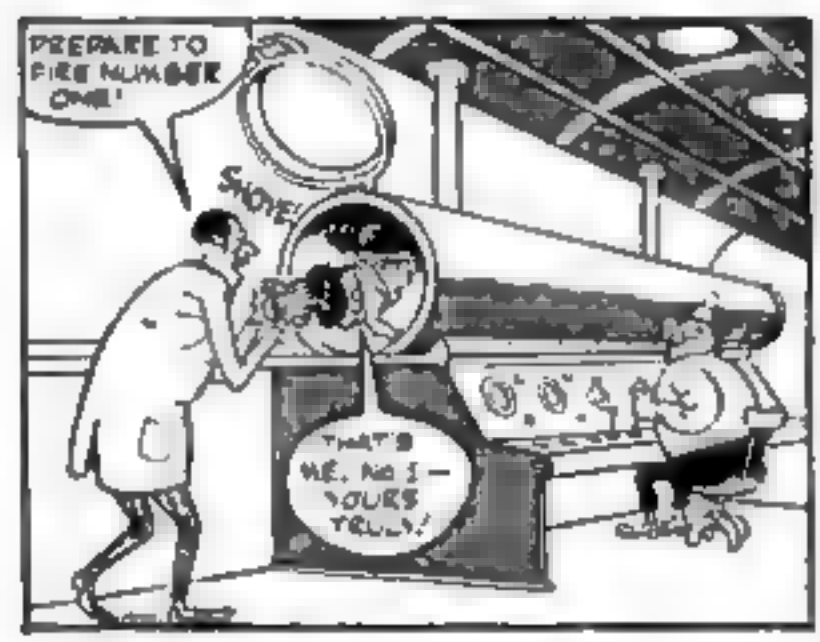
FANCY PLAYING COWBOYS AND INDIANS AT HIS AGE!!
AAH! — BLISS! MORE! MORE!


OOF! — WHAT A SMELL!
HASTY NIT!
POO!
HORRIBLE OINTMENT! UGH!!
NO! NO! — THEY CAN'T SAY WE SMELL ANY MORE — NOT AFTER NIFFING THE PONG THAT'S COMING FROM TEACH!

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

THE MAN FROM BUNGLE HAS BEEN SENT TO STOP TANIA THE TERRIBLE'S PLOT TO BLOW UP THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. HE IS HIDING ON TANIA'S SUBMARINE IN DISGUISE, BUT HE'S ABOUT TO BE DE-WIGGED...





SPLOSH!
AT THIS RATE I RECKON I'D SINK THE QUEEN MARY!
WHOOSH!

BROOL!
SOS
FORTY DAYS AT SEA AND NEVER A SIGN OF A HUMAN FACE! GASP! GASP!

WHOOSH!
SOS
?

FLAP! FLAP!
AAGH. NOT AGA N. NOT ANOTHER BLINKING SHIPWRECK! WAA—AAH! PLEASE, NO!

YEEK. A HUMAN TORPEDO —ALL THOSE DAYS AT SEA ARE MAKING ME SEE THINGS!
BOMP.

BOINK!
ZOOM!
A RUBBER QUEEN MARY...!?

PHEW! IT'S GONE OFF AGAIN!
PYOING!

NOW TO HOLE THE BRITISH CHANNEL— WE HAVE SEEN THE LAST OF THE MAN FROM BUNGLE!

WE WOULDN'T BANK ON THAT...
WHEEE-EE!

HOME SWEET HOME AGAIN! G-GULP

COO! ME LUCK'S IN AT LAST— THERE'S NO-ONE ABOUT!

NOW TO STOP TANIA HOLING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL —I DON'T FANCY HAVING TO DARN IT!
WHAT NO BUNGLES?
STILL THERE IS ALWAYS NEXT WEEK!...

BOYS! CAPTURE THE REAL WILD WEST

with ACTION *You want the real McCoy! These are the toys that give it to you! Authentic! Realistic! Complete with all the traditional equipment and weapons!*

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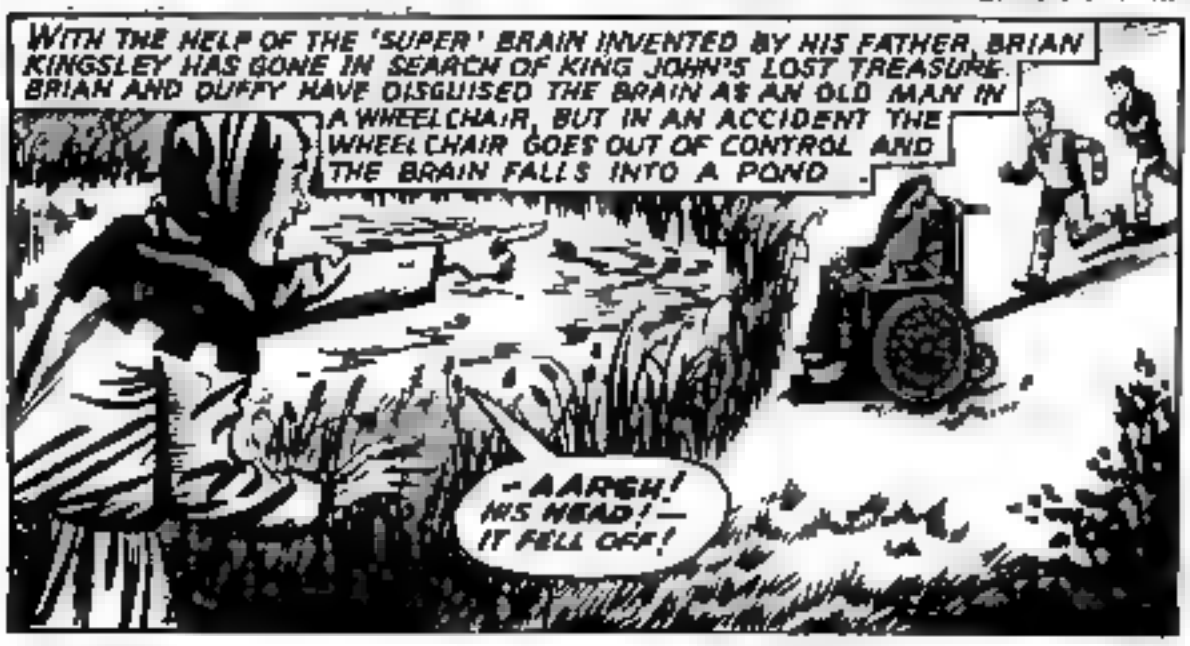
SEE THEM AT YOUR TOYSTORE TODAY!

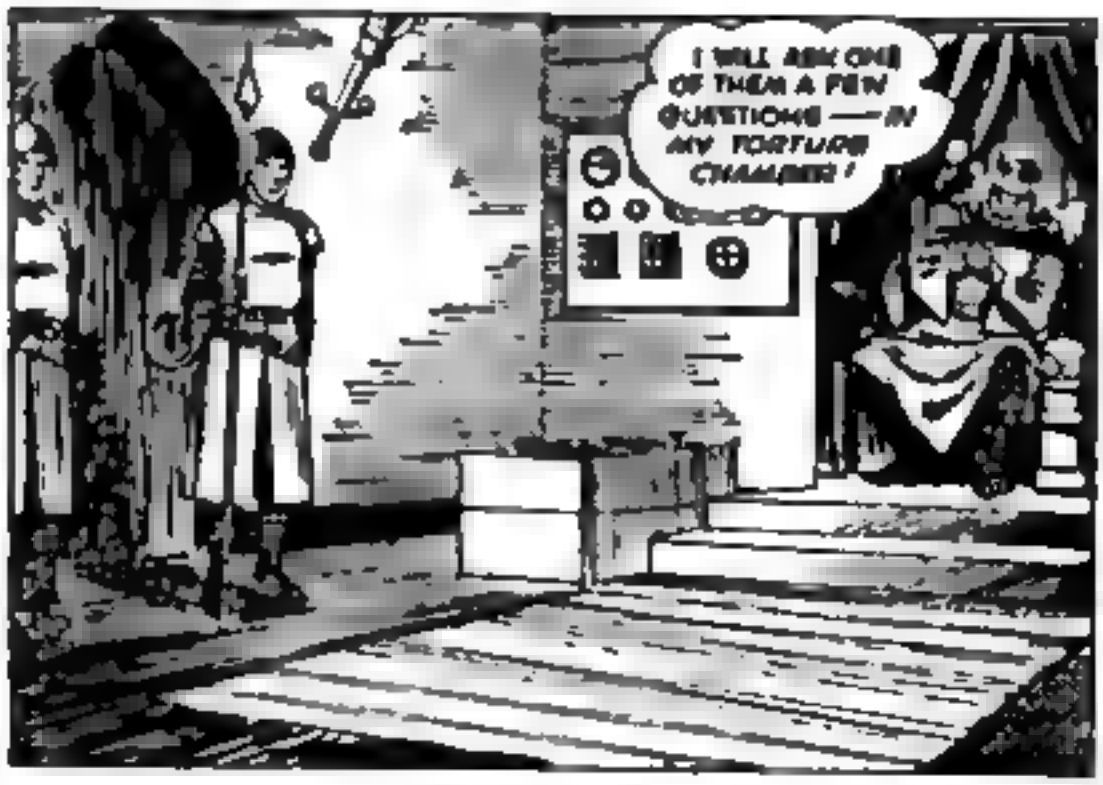
BRIAN'S BRAIN



BUT THE BOYS WORRY IS GROUNDLESS. . .
I AM UNHARMED! BUT YOU MUST BE MORE CAREFUL IN FUTURE!
O-OF COURSE, BRIAN! I-I'M SORRY-HONEST!

I FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO LOCATE THE EXACT SITE OF THE TREASURE BY DAY. WE MUST TRY AGAIN AT NIGHT, WHEN I CAN 'SEE' THE RADIATIONS THAT ARE GIVEN OFF BY ALL METALS . .
Y-YES, BRIAN! WE'LL DO IT TONIGHT!

THE AVALON
BRIAN!— WE CAN'T GO BACK TO THE HOTEL! THAT MAN WHO WAS SPYING ON US RAN BACK HERE! HE KNOWS THAT THIS ISN'T A REAL OLD MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR!
DO NOT WORRY! HIS STORY WILL SOUND SO FANTASTIC NOBODY WILL BELIEVE HIM!
BUT . . .
THAT OLD MAN AND THE TWO BOYS KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE TREASURE! I MUST FIND OUT WHAT THEY KNOW . . . I CAN'T RISK THEM FINDING THAT FORTUNE BEFORE I DO!


I WILL ASK ONE OF THEM A FEW QUESTIONS — IN MY TORTURE CHAMBER!

SOME TIME LATER . . .
GOSH! I'M FEELING HUNGRY AGAIN . . . I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT TIME THEY SERVE TEA.
O.K.- I'LL TAKE 'UNCLE' UP TO OUR ROOM.

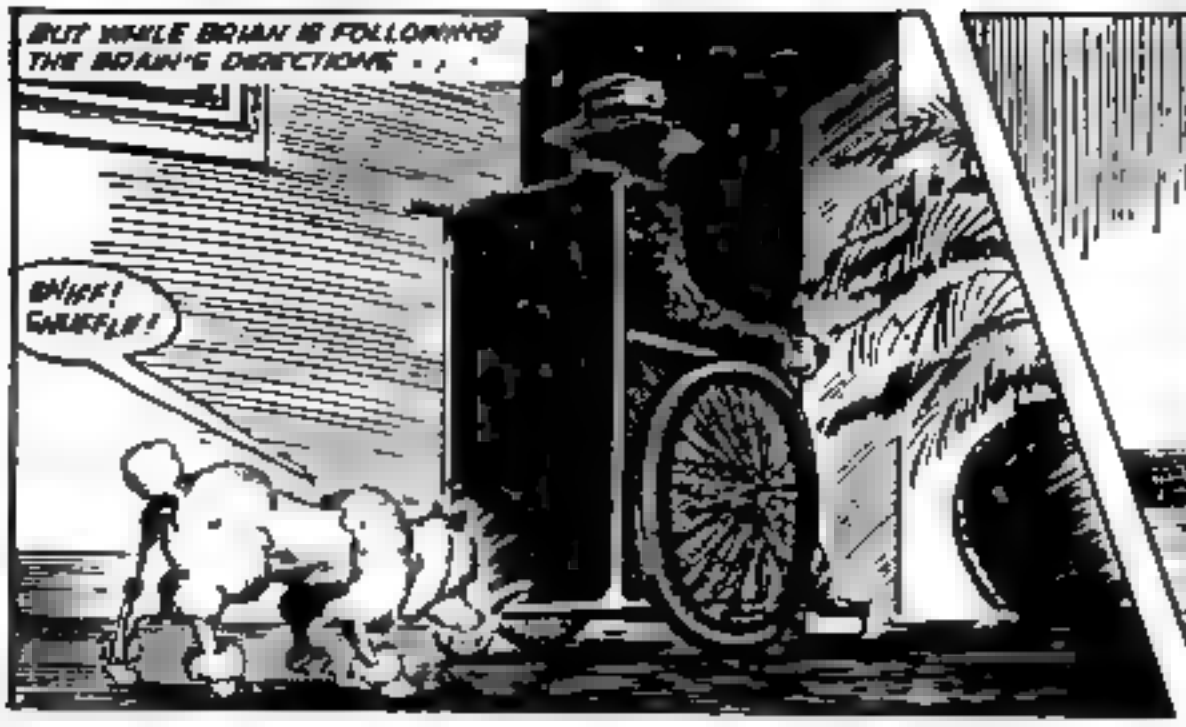
BUT AS DUFFY STEPS INTO THE DINING ROOM
HMMPH!

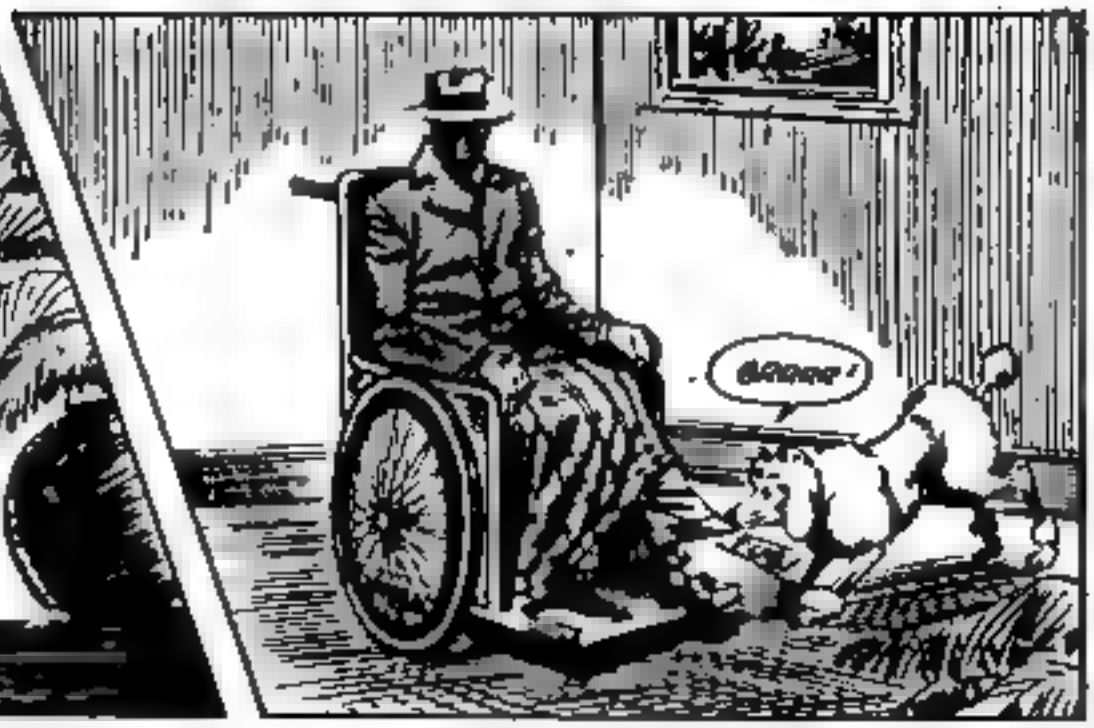
BRIAN HAS SCARCELY REACHED THE LIFT BEFORE THE FANTASTIC BRAIN FLASHES AN URGENT THOUGHT INTO HIS HEAD . . .
DUFFY IS IN PERIL! —HE NEEDS HELP!

BRIAN TUONE THE CHAIR INTO AN ALCOVE . .
MY SUPER SENSES TELL ME THAT HE IS BEING TAKEN TO A PLACE BELOW THE CELLARS OF THIS HOTEL ! LEAVE ME HERE , AND I WILL DIRECT YOU TO HIM BY THOUGHT TRANSMISSION !

THAT'S RIGHT —THROUGH THAT DOOR YOU WILL FIND STONE STEPS LEADING DOWNWARDS . . . AND REMEMBER, BRIAN— ALL THE TIME YOUR THOUGHTS ARE BEAMED TO ME , I CAN SEE EVERY— THING YOU CAN !
PRIVATE

I SEEM TO BE IN SOME SORT OF WINE CELLAR . . . W-WHERE DO I GO NOW, BRAIN ?
FORWARD TEN PACES . . . THEN TAKE SEVEN STEPS TO YOUR LEFT . . .


BUT WHILE BRIAN IS FOLLOWING THE BRAIN'S DIRECTIONS . . .
SNIFF ! SNUFFLE !

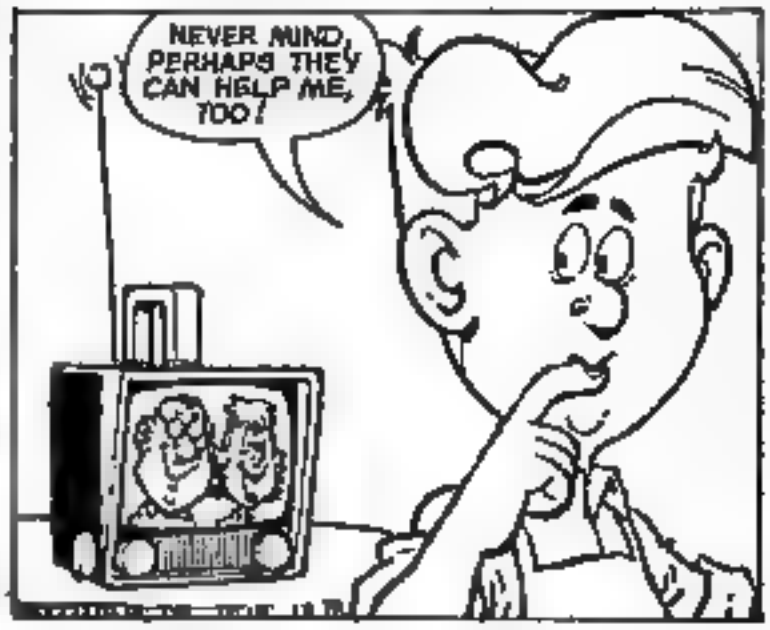

GRRRR !

MITZI ! COME HERE . . . OOOH !

AND DEEP IN THE HOTEL CELLAR
BRAIN ! BRAIN ! WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME ? TELL ME WHAT TO DO NEXT ! I'M LOST !
BUT NO GUIDING MESSAGE IS FORTHCOMING ! DON'T MISS THE NEXT GRIPPING EPISODE OF THIS SAGA IN NEXT WEEK'S SMASH ISH !

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE!



SMASH -CHAT!

Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos. YOU could win a £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,

Please could you give Mr. Knowall more than half a page. No. 2 was the best SMASH I ever read, I missed No. 1 (shame!) and at that time he had a whole page.

By the way, I would like to see some of the Marvel westerns appearing in Power Comics. Kid Colt and Two-Gun Kid are my favourites! And please get rid of that revolting brand each story, Batman. I'm sure Jolly Jack Kirby would die 'specially so he could turn over in his grave at seeing such disgusting mockery of Marvel!

David Grinyer,
Lewes, Sussex.

P.S.: I hope you like the picture of Doc. Doom I am sending.

Thanks for your ideas, Dave—and you'll be pleased to know your pic. of the Doc. has taken its place in the Garret Gallery.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I think the three best Power Comics are Wham, Swash and Pow. They have improved tremendously since I first saw them. Batman is great now, but at first I hated him. One thing, though, I think Ronnie Rich shows off too much.

Mark Tweedie,
Hedenham, Suffolk.

And just with our first two letters this week, we've had one vote FOR Batman and one AGAINST! Which all goes to prove, yet again, that we can't please everybody ALL the time!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I am writing to say a big "thank-you" for all your wonderful Power comics. I have recently recovered from an illness, and during my convalescence my young son brought me all his comics to read. I have never laughed and enjoyed myself so much since I was a child. Now I am a faithful follower of all your comics.

Mrs. E. Harris,
Sheffield.

Frantic ones, take note! If your Mum's got the blues, give her a dose of Power and put her back in the pink!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Did you know that in the year 1896 a carp (fish) was found in a huge hailstone which fell in Essex?

David West,
Dartford, Kent.

No, we didn't—but thanks for mentioning it!

Alf and Cos.

Send your letters to:
Alf & Cos,
Smash,
64 Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

NEW STAMP COMPETITION

1. What was the first stamp issued?
2. What country overprints its stamps "SERVICE"?
3. Does ICELAND issue stamps?
4. What country has "HELVETIA" as its stamps?

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UNIVERSAL STAMP COMPANY
(Dept. SH41), Eastrington, Goole, Yorks

A shock for Bully Brown

Cigarettes harm your health

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

'RONNIE RICH

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

IN HIS SEARCH FOR THE FAKIR WHO TURNED HIM INTO WHAT HE IS, RUBBERMAN GOES TO SLUISHAVEN IN HOLLAND, WHERE HE ENTERS THE STRANGE, 'GREENHOUSE' WORLD OF THE PLANTER....

THE PLANTER POINTS TO THE DANGLING, TERROR-FILLED FIGURE OF THE FAKIR WHOSE CURSE HAD TURNED RUBBERMAN INTO A FREAK...

DO AS I ASK AND HE WILL LIVE! REFUSE—PERSIST IN THIS ANTAGONISTIC ATTITUDE—AND HE WILL BE DROPPED INTO THE PIT OF FIRE!

IF THE FAKIR DIES, ALL HOPE OF MY RETURNING TO NORMAL WILL DIE WITH HIM! THIS FAT SLUG HAS ME WHERE HE WANTS ME! I'VE GOT TO GO ALONG WITH HIM!

WHAT IS IT YOU WANT ME TO DO?

THAT'S BETTER! ALL YOU ARE REQUIRED TO DO IS CO-OPERATE IN A SIMPLE INVESTIGATION INTO THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF YOUR VERY REMARKABLE PERSON...

YOU HAVE SEEN WHAT ACHIEVEMENTS I HAVE MADE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF PLANT LIFE! IF THE-ER ELASTIC PROPERTIES THAT YOU POSSESS COULD BE ADDED TO MY PLANTS, WELL, I AM SURE YOU REALISE WHAT GREAT POTENTIAL SUCH PLANTS WOULD HOLD...

...THINK OF IT! YOU WOULD GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS PART OF PERHAPS THE GREATEST DISCOVERY IN THE BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES SINCE THE BIRTH OF MAN!

IN MY LABORATORY AHEAD OF US I HAVE ALL THE APPARATUS TO MAKE THIS GREAT STEP FORWARD!

BUT AS RUBBERMAN ENTERS THE DOOR...

NOW! CLOSE THE DOOR! LOCK IT!

RUBBERMAN FINDS HIMSELF IN ANOTHER PLANT HOUSE

MY APOLOGIES FOR SUCH ROUGH TREATMENT, [illegible] MAN. BUT I FELT SURE YOU [illegible] OF MY LITTLE EXPERIMENT—ONCE YOU SAW WHAT IT WAS!

WHAT DOES HE MEAN? HE SAID THAT THE APPARATUS NEEDED FOR THE EXPERIMENT WAS IN HERE!

A SINISTER RUSTLING SOUNDS BEHIND HIM...

WHAT THE!—OH NO! NOT ANOTHER OF HIS VEGETABLE HORRORS!

NEXT MOMENT HE IS STRUGGLING WILDLY

THAT IS THE-ER-APPARATUS I REFERRED TO, RUBBERMAN. ONE OF MY MAJOR BIOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES. I CALL IT MY LEECH PLANT!

MY LEECH PLANT WILL GRADUALLY ABSORB YOUR TISSUES, YOUR FLESH, YOUR WHOLE BODY INTO ITS OWN! WHEN IT HAS COMPLETED THIS WE SHALL SEE IF I HAVE SUCCEEDED—IN COMBINING THE BODY OF A PLANT WITH THE BODY OF A RUBBER MAN!

BUT AS YOU SEEM TO BE-ER-OCCUPIED, I SHALL LEAVE YOU FOR A WHILE. IN FIFTEEN MINUTES WHEN I RETURN THE ABSORPTION PROCESS SHOULD BE COMPLETED!

RUBBERMAN FEELS HIMSELF GROWING WEAKER

THE DEVILISH THING IS TOO—THOROUGH TOO POWERFUL! I—I CAN'T GET FREE! THERE'S NO WAY OF BREAKING FREE—

—EXCEPT! YES, THERE'S JUST ONE CHANCE! JUST ONE!

JUST ONE CHANCE—IF I CAN ONLY REACH IT!

SECONDS LATER, THE PLANTER GAPES WITH QUIVERING ASTONISHMENT...
WHAT—WHAT?

THEN...
THAT WAS THE EASY PART! NOW I NEED ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD TO PULL OFF THE REST OF IT!
NO! STOP HIM! STOP HIM!

DONE IT!
OH, NO! NO! OH, MY GRACIOUS!

THE INSTANT THE AIR REACHES THE PLANTS INSIDE THE HOTHOUSE...
THERE'S HUNDREDS OF THEM IN THERE! THEY'RE ALL GROWING! GET THE SPRAY GUNS!

ANOTHER GLASSHOUSE SHATTERS...
MASTER, IT IS NO USE! WE CANNOT SPRAY SO MANY!
WE WILL BE SMOTHERED BY THEM! MASTER, WE MUST FLEE!

MEANWHILE...
THE TREES ARE SPREADING OVER THIS PLACE. THE WALLS ARE BEGINNING TO CRACK! THE ROOF IS STARTING TO CAVE IN!

SUDDENLY, AS THE WEIGHT OF THE TREES INCREASE...
IT WORKED! THE LEACH PLANT IS CRUSHED! BUT BECAUSE I'M LIKE I AM—I CAN'T BE CRUSHED!

AS HE CRAWLS FROM THE RUINS...
THE FAKIR! THE MAN WHOSE CURSE TURNED ME INTO RUBBER, THE ONE MAN WHO CAN TURN ME INTO A NORMAL BEING AGAIN—HE'S ABOUT TO FALL INTO THE PIT OF FIRE!
HELP! HELP ME! SAVE ME!
THE END OF THE FAKIR WOULD ALSO MEAN THE END OF RUBBERMAN'S HOPES OF BECOMING NORMAL AGAIN! DON'T MISS THE NERVE-SHATTERING EVENTS IN NEXT WEEK'S ISH!

THE NERVS

BRRR! IT'S F-FREEZING IN THIS HOUSE!
I'VE GOT MY FAT TO KEEP ME WARM!

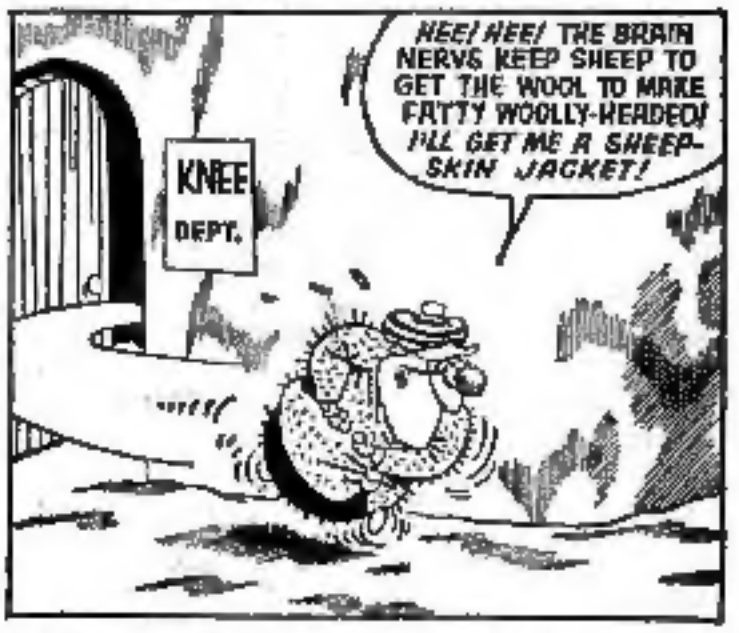
YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH FAT THERE TO KEEP AN ARMY WARM!
JEALOUSY! JEALOUSY! JUST BECAUSE I'M AS WARM AS PIE!

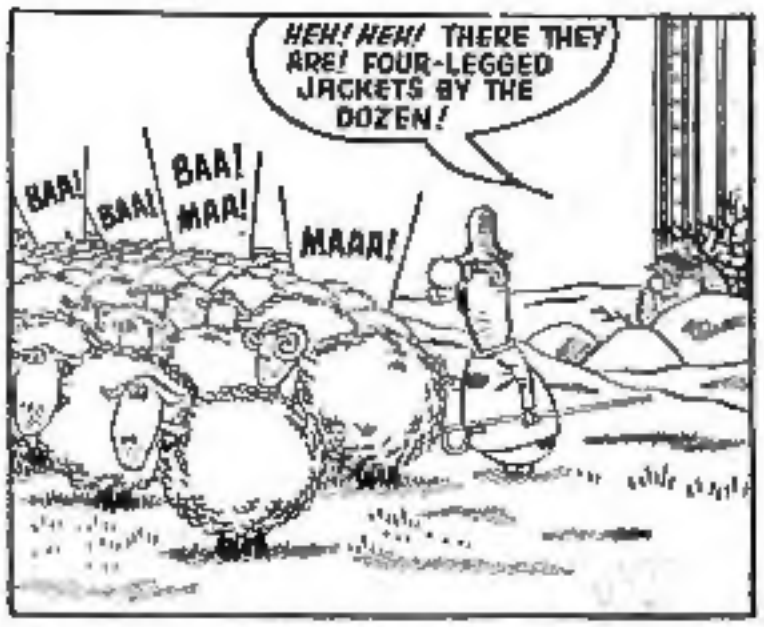
IN FATTY'S TUM DEPARTMENT...
AAH! IT'S GREAT TO BE A NERV ON A FAT LAD IN THE WINTER!
IT MUST BE AT LEAST ONE HUNDRED DEGREES FATHEIT! SIGH!

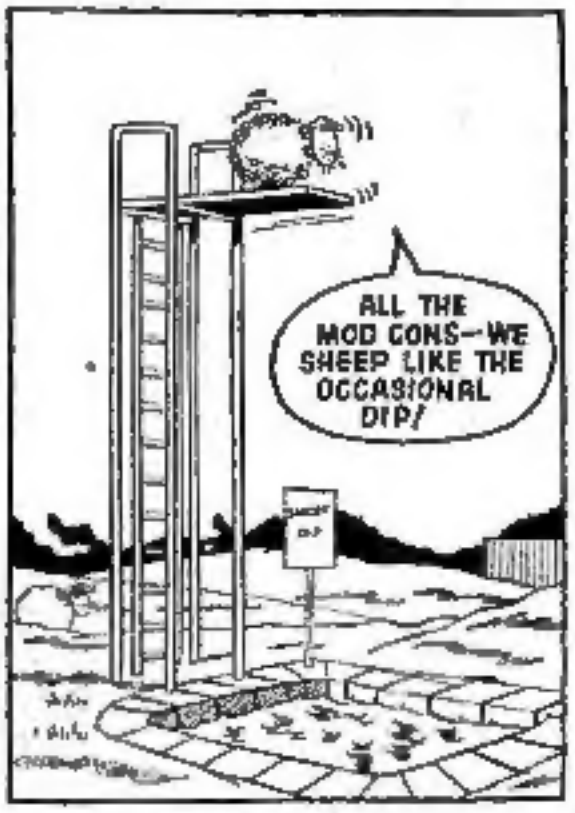
BUT, IN FATTY'S KNEE DEPARTMENT...
BRR! IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR THOSE TUM TWERPS BUT WE'RE F-FROZEN STIFF!
THERE AIN'T NO F-FAT ON FATTY'S BLINKING KNEECAPS!
KNEE DEPT.

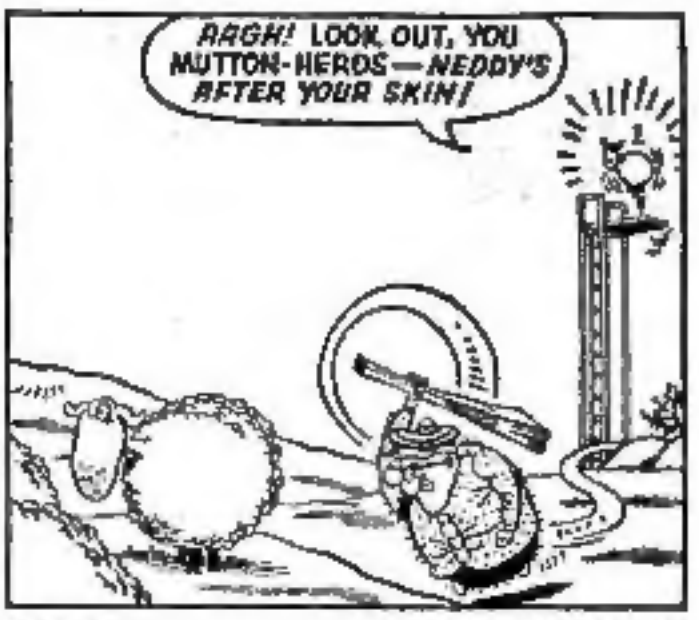
WISH I WAS A TONGUE NERV— THEY MAKE FUR COATS FROM THE FUR ON FATTY'S TONGUE BUT THEY WON'T GIVE US ANY—WE'VE TRIED BEFORE!

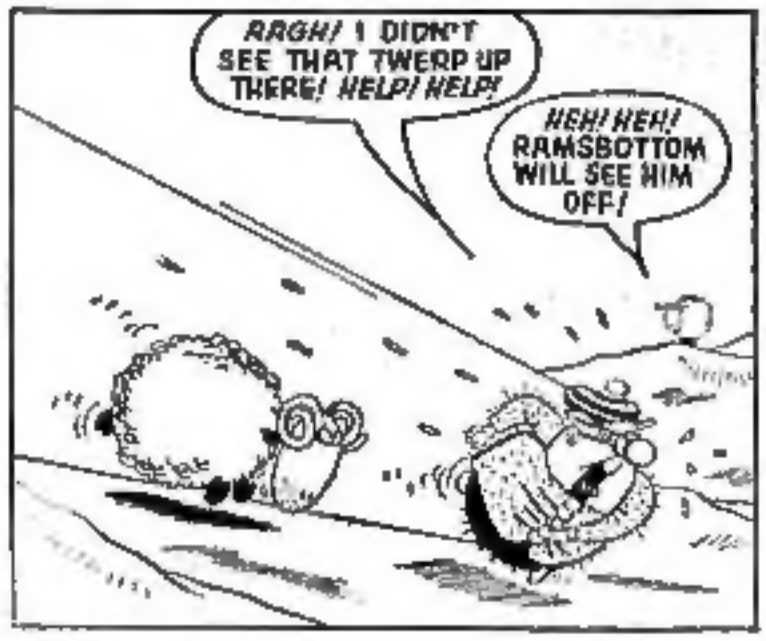
YEOW! I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT!
SNAP!


KNEE DEPT.
HEE! HEE! THE BRAIN NERVS KEEP SHEEP TO GET THE WOOL TO MAKE FATTY WOOLLY-HEADED! I'LL GET ME A SHEEP-SKIN JACKET!

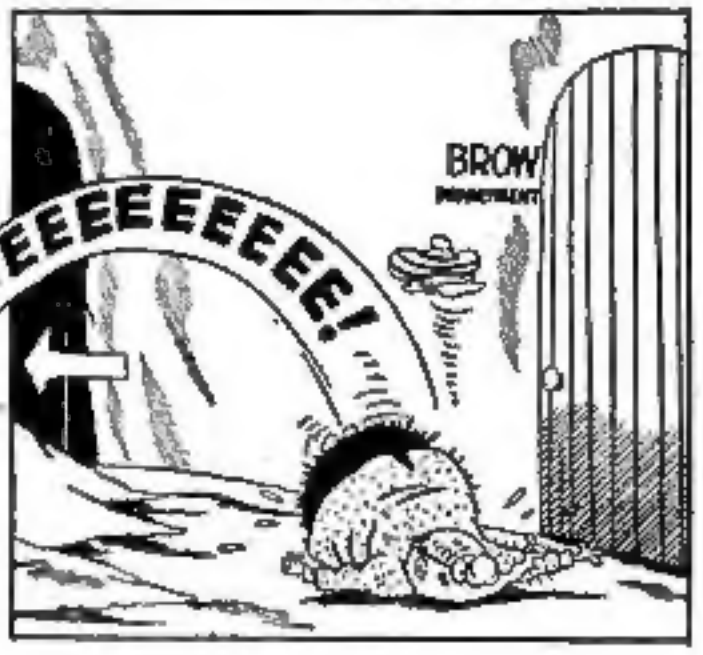

HEH! HEH! THERE THEY ARE! FOUR-LEGGED JACKETS BY THE DOZEN!
BAA!
BAA!
BAA! MAA!
MAAA!


ALL THE MOD CONS—WE SHEEP LIKE THE OCCASIONAL DIP!


ARGH! LOOK OUT, YOU MUTTON-HEROS—NEDDY'S AFTER YOUR SKIN!


ARGH! I DIDN'T SEE THAT TWERP UP THERE! HELP! HELP!
HEH! HEH! RAMSBOTTOM WILL SEE HIM OFF!

NOTHING LIKE A RUN TO WARM ONE UP!
BOP!


WHEEEEEEEEEE!
BROW

COR! THE BROW DEPARTMENT—THEY ALL WEAR FUR COATS IN THERE —THAT'S WHERE THEY KEEP THE ICE TO COOL FATTY'S BROW WHEN IT GETS FEVERED!

BROW

HEH! HEH! I'LL CLOBBER THE FIRST TWERP THAT COMES OUT AND PINCH HIS FUR COAT!

HALF AN HOUR LATER...

I'VE BEEN HERE A WHOLE HALF HOUR AND NO ONE'S COME OUT YET!

GAR! COME OUT! COME OUT, YOU COWARDS! COME OUT AND BE CLOBBERED!

BASH!

EEK! WHO'S THAT OUT THERE? HE'S SMASHING DOWN THE DOOR!

REFRIGERATOR

BASH!

THUMP!

CRUNCH!

TEMPER! TEMPER!

ARGH! A BIT OF THE DOOR'S RELEASED THE BRAKE ON THE FRIDGE!

BRAKE

WAA-AAH! IT'S ON THE MOVE!

RUN FOR IT!

RUMBLE!

RUMBLE!

CRASH!

ARGH! WHAT HAVE I DONE? THAT AIN'T NO FUR COAT!

OH, NO! IT'S GONE INTO THE BLOOD STREAM!

BLOOD STREAM

RUMBLE!

RUMBLE!

YAHOO! AN ICE RINK! FATTY'S BLOODSTREAM'S FROZEN OVER!

G-GULP! I'VE REALLY DONE IT NOW!

HELP! I'M F-FREEZING TOO NOW—ME BLOOD'S RUN COLD!

HEH! HEH! I THOUGHT YOU RAD YOUR FAT TO KEEP YOU WARM!

SHIVER!

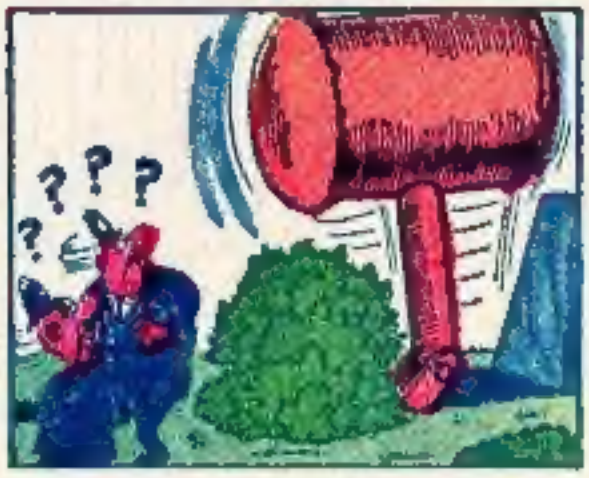
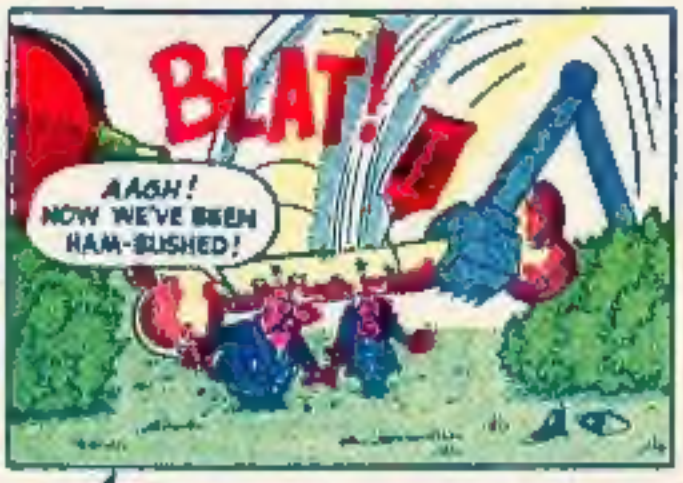
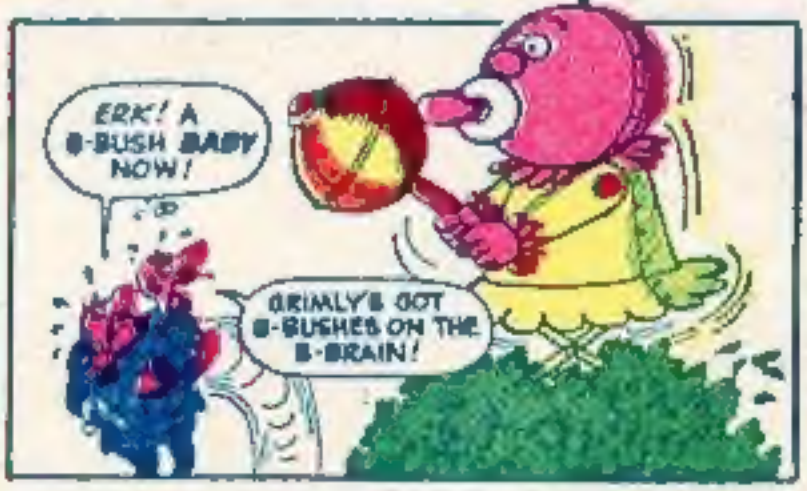
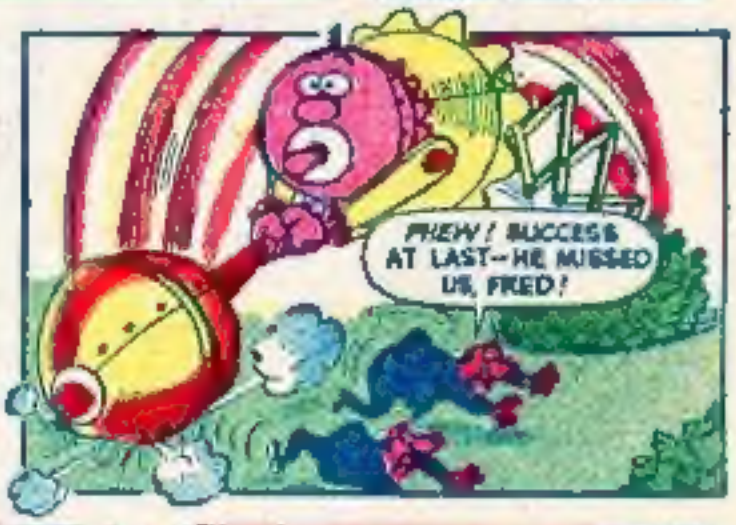
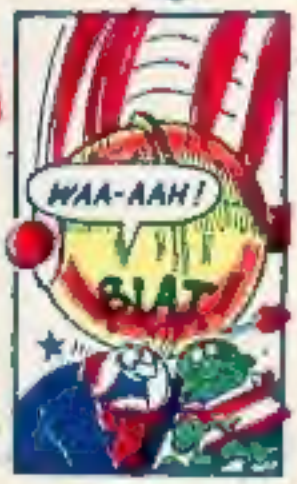
CHATTER!

SHIVER!

NO! NO! NO WONDER THE FAT CLOT'S BLOOD HAS RUN COLD—LOOK AT THE CREEPY BOOK HE'S BEEN READING!

GHOST STO

HUH! THAT WOMAN THINKS SHE KNOWS *EVERYTHING*! BUT SHE'S WRONG THIS TIME—AND WE KNOW WHY!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD